

The Challenge of the Wilderness — Outdoor Club Returns to Basics

a journal as kept by Mitch Keil

"I went into the woods because I wished to live deliberately to confront only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived."

Thoreau, Walden

Saturday, October 26

We are exhausted. It is 8:30 p.m. We made the shelter after hiking almost 11 hours. The last hour and a half in darkness, flashlights scanning the trees for the route markers, knees and feet lifting and stumbling in agony. Now, looking back on the day, with hot cocoa warming in our insides, I can say that 12 young people confronted the wilderness and discovered strength and endurance they never dreamed they possessed, and a sense of fulfillment and success which went beyond the feeling of getting an "A" on any test in school.

The day started out beautifully in the sleepy downstate hamlet of Tuxedo Station. The trail was an easy walk through woods blazing with fall colors—until after lunch. Then the rock, covered with leaves, damp from the rain on Friday, began to play havoc with the feet of Laura & Kathy. A combination of street shoes and poorly designed packs slowed their progress and ours. Slipping and sliding up and down steep hills increased everyone's concern for safety. We all realized that Laura and Kathy would never make it if we didn't help. Each of us found ways of helping—a hand down from a boulder, a lift up over a stump—a smile, a gentle word. You learn so much about the value of companionship and cooperation when there is no turning back.

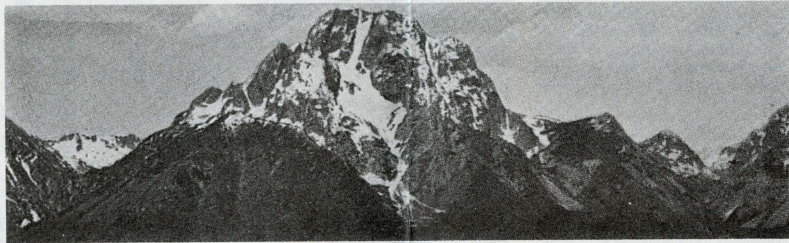
The day wore on—shoulders ached from never having carried more than their own weight and now carried nearly 40 pounds. The trail became more than a ridge walk, it became a challenge to keep your mind alert to loose stones, slippery roots, and sliding rock that covered the steep ascents. It would be so easy to just sit down and not go any further—to rest, to forget to let the numbness that is so easy to slide into when you are home steal over you once again . . . But there is no easy chair and there are two days more! Already tired from a first night on hard ground, fighting rocks and roots for a fitful few hours of sleep.

Sunday, October 27

This has become more than a hike lasting three days, it has become a test of what these people are, now what they think they are or with they were. We lost Laura and Kathy today not because we told them they could not continue but because they came to understand their limitations—no loss of respect or face just the calm realization the hike and their own safety were in jeopardy as long as they remained.

We also lost another, Ken who, along with Ann, Cathy, and Gary, were to meet us at the shelter in the morning. He never made it to the shelter. Almost to he top of the mountain he twisted his knee out. Doug and I carried him down to a ranger station where the three of them were taken home.

If yesterday taxed the strength of fresh minds and bodies, today . . . Walking on from the ranger station we ascended Goshen Mt. reaching the summit (1100 ft.) after only 45 minutes of difficult



scrambling. We were feeling more confident, everyone had made it without lagging behind and the view from the top was spectacular: South and West blazing with color stretched as far as you could see; East and North, the direction we were to walk, Black Mt. and Menomoni Lake, at its feet, created a postcard picture. Breathing, but Black Mt. was 2 miles away and we had to climb all 1200 feet of it.

Two miles and three hours later, Black Mt. looms over us. The promise of lunch at the top and a break drive us up the mountain. We are tired but lunch tastes so good, and a chance to take our packs off make it all worth it. Beyond by all this Gary jokingly asks if there are any more mountains to climb. Everyone laughs—until I point out our destination for today—the shelter on West Mt., three miles distant and some of the ruggedest trail we have seen between us and dinner. Our only consolation our path goes around the skirt of the mountain approaching it from its easiest side. The AT trail joins our trail. Our marking grows more infrequent since the two travel together for some distance. This fact is to prove disastrous for us today.

Anne's pack trips and I have to field repair it. I tell the others to walk on ahead following the trail markings. Leslie, Tammy, and Cherie lag behind more tired than the others waiting for Anne and me.

Disaster Strikes! The repair takes longer than expected and as we walk I notice that our trail marking becomes almost non-existent, the AT markers lead directly toward the most difficult side of the mountain. I am wondering where the rest of our group has gone. They have taken my work literally and have gotten so far ahead that we can not catch up as tired as the four with me. With difficulty I have found where our trail diverges, it is obvious that the group has missed it and taken the AT. It is getting dark and we are at the base of West Mt. I am worried that the group ahead is lost and that the four girls with me will be too exhausted to make it to the shelter in the dark.

By sheer force of will and with minds and bodies numbed to pain in their shoulders and lungs, the girls clawed and crawled their way to the top just as the sun's last glimmer lit the sky feebly. As we crossed an outcropping of rock with a 200 foot drop at the edge, Tammy turned to look at the last light and remarked how beautiful it was. We all looked with glazed eyes and realized who price a person has to pay for beauty.

We walked on for another hour in the dark and heard voices calling us. The girls had been on low boil all the way up the mountain and they wanted to kill. Leslie had one question: Why hadn't they waited when they saw how far behind we were? We held a discussion. If you had observed us from a dis-

tance in the darkening glow of night you would have thought us a band of first Americans at a pow pow. A rock was passed around as a token of who was to speak. We each had a say—some more emotional than others; the effect was overwhelming. For the first time, instead of yelling and carrying on obusively, or merely sitting and pouting, letting it fester inside, they shared and listened and understood another human being. It was beautiful.

We lay down to sleep refreshed by the discussion, watching from our mountain perch the lights of

New York glittering in the distance and the moon rising ghostly white.

Monday, October 28

The last day. It was to prove more challenging though less exhausting than the previous two days.

As the sun rose, burning off the mist that made the top of the mountain seem an island floating in a grey sea, we could see the Hudson river sparkling in the distance. Our goal. But rising up, almost sheer faced, directly in front of us was the Timp—1200 feet of shattered rock and imposing blocks of granite. We had to

climb this to reach the Hudson.

By mid-afternoon, we were at the foot of the Timp. It was more than we had expected but by now, looking in their eyes, I could see a change. They were harder now more confident of an inner strength that would sustain them when others might say they could not go on. They had grown in three days.

Working in teams, coaching each other on pointing out foot holds, bracing walking sticks in small crevices we climbed this mountain. At one point scaling a sheer wall with a 200 foot drop straight down using a human chain to help each other up. It was breathtaking and inspiring—We were one and we had done it.

The Hudson river—sore and weary we made our way to the bus. Exhausted 12 people found the strength to climb in and fall asleep safe in the knowledge that someone else had to drive and not me.

Postscript: Tuesday, October 29

Leslie came in to see me in class today. "Mr. Keil, I feel so strange. What's the matter with me? I can't stand walking in the hall anymore. I want to cry."

EAST BRUNSWICK HIGH SCHOOL

THE CLARION

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Home News Band Festival Honors Mr. G.

by Teresa Fetter

The air reverberated with numerous drum beats and piercing whistles as the Ninth Annual Home News Band Festival began Tuesday evening, October 8. The Home News sponsors this event annually to allow area bands to show their talent and provide an enjoyable evening for the fans of the bands. The Festival is entirely non-competitive, and is held to foster interest in music. It also serves as a fund-raising project, as each band was allowed to sell tickets to the event, and received a percentage of the money they raised.

This year, the Festival was held over a three-week period, on October 1, October 8, and October 15. Our East Brunswick High School Band appeared on the second night.

The program started off with the color guards of all the bands parading around the field. The host, the Cougar Band of Cedar Ridge High School, played the National Anthem.

The EB band did a routine which included a peppy blues song; "Night Train." The squads marched into the formation of a train while they played. Next came a popular tune: "Smoke on the Water." The song "Heartbeat, It's a Love Beat" followed. The drill team did a much practiced routine done in complete unison. The color guard also performed an excellent routine.

Next came the highlight of the Bear's routine. The band and cheerleaders marched into the formation—Mr. G. We Love U. This was a tribute to Mr. Guidaboni, who has been interested in the band for a number of years. Mr. Guidaboni said he was "overwhelmed, choked from emotion, and

speechless".

The Bears performed once more that evening. Along with the 10 other bands present, they got together in the center of the field for the Grand Finale. All of the

"Dolly" To Be Huge Success

by Louise Kuzminski

"Hello Dolly", a production by the EBHS Drama Club, will be presented on November 29, 30 and December 6, 7, at 8:00 P.M. in the East Brunswick H.S. auditorium. Special guest stars include a number of the male faculty.

Mr. Taubenslag, head of the Drama Club, proclaimed "Dolly"—one of the most challenging, yet exciting. I believe that the "Hello Dolly" production number with male members of the faculty playing the waiters will probably bring down the house."

"Hello Dolly" is a play about Dolly Levi, a matchmaker who wants

bands played "America the Beautiful" and "March America." They were directed by Alfred Ricci, Cedar Ridge band director. Trophies were presented to each of the bands for their participation.

to make a profit from her profession. Starring as Dolly is Cathy Nolan. Other cast members are Cindy Weber, Marybeth Amorosa, Randy Horvath, Dick Walling, Gigi Paul, Marcy Klein, David Taubenslag, Mike Plotz, Mark Kroen, DeNecce Gurney, Lee Ann George, Debbie Reich, Janet Duny, Mike McKinney, Debbie Stempel, and Sandy Sacks.

Gene Kish, stage manager, stated that, "Together with a good cast of characters, male members of the faculty, hard working stage hands, and the excellent direction of Mr. Taubenslag, "Hello Dolly" will certainly be a success.

Folio Organizes for '74 - '75

by Chris Carstens

The staff of Folio the EBHS Art-Literary publication, has begun work on this year's edition in a mood of increasing optimism. Following last year's sell-out, there are hopes that the 1975 Folio will be among the best in its history.

Plans are being made to put out at least two, and perhaps three or four, separate issues this year. The possibility of changing from the magazine format is also being discussed. A collection of posters sold in a container of some sort, like the pizza box of several years

ago, is one alternative under consideration.

Meanwhile, the staff is seeking student submissions of creative writing, drawings, photography, etc. Currently, work can be submitted in room 3C, either Ms. Koppel or Mr. Redman, the advisors, or any member of the Folio staff. It is requested that homeroom numbers and teachers be included with all submissions. Anyone interested in working on Folio is encouraged to come to a meeting. Generally, the entire staff meets Wednesday afternoons in the Library Conference Room.

From the Editor's Desk:

Is Society Heading for a Fall?

Is our society heading for a fall? History reveals that several previous societies have grown, flourished and, for many complex reasons, disintegrated. In our evolution, we are aware of the many brilliant people who, hundreds of years ago, after observing human relationships, conceived of basic ideas and standards which have served as guidelines. Because we adopted many of these precepts, man has developed far beyond his beginnings. Conversely, is abandonment of these same principles leading us to the "Decline and Fall of the Modern World"?

Cliche or Necessity?

Do unto others as you would have them do unto you

Honesty is the best policy

Love thy neighbor

Truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth

What genius framed the declaration of independence, our constitution, the bill of rights? We take for granted our system of government, freedom of religion, a free press, etc., and we do not think too much about them until these things are threatened. We must marvel at the minds who knew their value.

In our day to day world, are we more and more, in the name of expediency, in the name of achieving what we believe to be just ends, sacrificing principles, bending truths? Are we abandoning what great minds have handed to us and because of this are we witnessing the slow erosion of our society? Watergate did not occur in a vacuum but is rather a symptom of our disease. Look at corruption in low and high places. Our crime rate continues to climb. It is now unsafe to walk many city streets at any time.

If we do not return in our everyday life to the thinking which helped create and develop us, we should look to ancient Rome for our future.

William Shakespeare was one of the great observers of man. His writing has survived these many hundreds of years because we are aware of its truths. One of the things he said was

"To thine own self be true and it must follow as night the day, though canst not then be false to any man."

Oh for the time when we will be true to our own selves, when we will return to the thinking of the great people of the past, when the driving force of life will again be a positive one.

The Slop from the Swamp

by Marty Gilbert

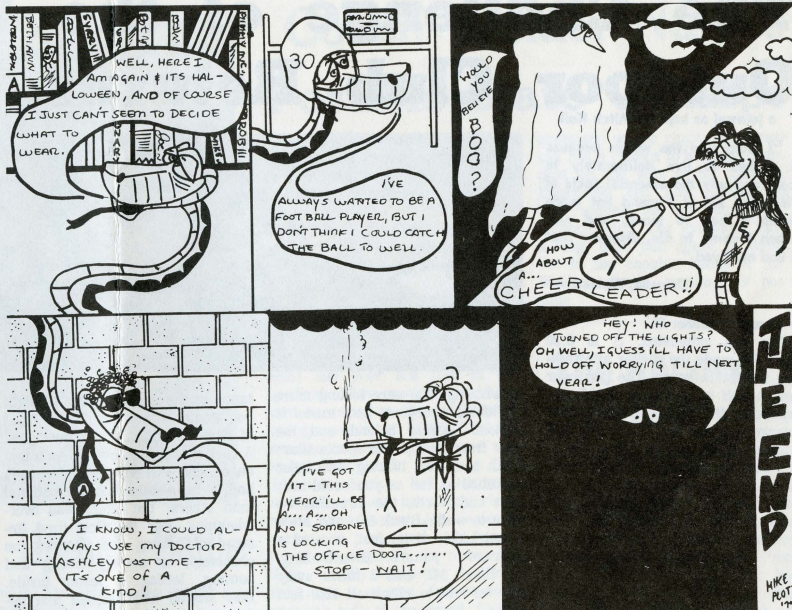
The shadow of paranoia has begun to darken the "hallowed" halls of East Brunswick High School. Some people who were thought to be psychologically stable have begun to constantly look over their shoulders. In fact, the problem has become so bad, that I have seen some people rolling marbles around in their hands (a la Captain Queeg). So as not to say something detrimental to somebody's health, this article will have nothing to do with East Brunswick High School.

You know what I haven't had in along time? . . . a Yoo-Hoo. When I was young Yoo-Hoo was always a strange drink. It had milk in it, so I couldn't drink it for fear of nutrition, yet, Yogi Berra advertised it, so it had to have a special formula in it. After all Berra was a living legend. He was the only first base coach in all of baseball who got a standing ovation whenever he fielded a foul ground ball. So every once in a while, my friend Bobby Crandell and I would sneak around the corner to Phil's Grocery Store and rummage through the cast iron

freezer looking for discarded cans of Yoo-Hoo. The only thing good about Yoo-Hoo was that it only cost twenty cents a can, while soda cost twenty-five cents a can. The fact that I got twelve ounces of soda for a quarter and only nine and a half ounces of Yoo-Hoo for twenty cents meant little to me. I thought that I was saving a nickel. That extra nickel usually went towards five pieces of bubble-gum. To this day I blame my mouthful of fillings on Yoo-Hoo for giving me an extra nickel for bubble-gum.

However, Bazooka Bubble-Gum has had the audacity to raise the price of bubble-gum from a penny to two cents. That means that that extra nickel will only buy me two pieces of bubble-gum now. The only problem is that Yoo-Hoo now costs a quarter. So I wouldn't have any change, which means that I wouldn't have half of my fillings today if the price would have been raised ten years ago. So much for inflation!

I wish that damn radiator would stop whistling. Maybe these heavy iron bars would just disappear if I rubbed my eyes . . . if I could find my eyes, or my hands for



SAT's Make Senior Anxiety Flourish

by Mr. C. Lippincott

It seems that the time for panic, anxiety, and frantic college-oriented activity is here. Seniors are frequently weighted down with college handbooks, catalogues and the usual piles of growing public relations blurbs that the universities disseminate. Parents are harried and confused. Counselors and teachers are becoming snowed under with recommendations and paper work.

Of course, the application process itself seems sometimes painful, but the December S.A.T.'s appear to make the anxiety even more difficult for many of the seniors and their friends. Let's briefly examine a few points about the dreaded exams. What do they mean? Are they really a fiendish torture device? Can a bad day really ruin your chances for college?

The S.A.T.'s are only one part of the criteria college admissions counselors use to make their decisions. The scores have proven over the years, to be most effective when combined with a student's overall academic performance as a good predictor of college success. Colleges generally use these test results in a variety of ways, but admissions counselors never view them as the only factor in admitting or rejecting a student. Remember that your

that matter. Ah . . . there's somebody beckoning to me. Well I've got to go now, but it's been fun talking to you! Say hello to the wife and kids for me, and all the people that once knew me, and don't forget.

A quick word to all paranoids: "Don't look back, something might be gaining on you!" I would say more, but I might be "libel" to say something I shouldn't.



world will not crumble if you don't get a 600. Only a mere thirteen percent of the population who take the test do reach such desired heights. Approximately two-thirds of the population fall into that 400 to 600 range. As you may recall, the national average for the S.A.T. verbal was 443 and the S.A.T. mathematical was 482 in 1972-73. Try to keep your scores in perspective. Not many people overall get those much envied high scores. The fact that more people talk about their high scores than their more modest accomplishments puts the wrong light on some individual scores.

Don't panic when the test day comes. Be rested and alert. Convince yourself to concentrate and do the best job possible. Try not to have an argument with your parents or the current love of your life. You want to be able to concentrate on the matter of the test before you. Pace yourself on the

test to use your time well. One of the best pieces of advice that you can follow is to read all directions with care. Remember what the instructions are about guessing. Do not make wild guesses.

Once you have done your best go about the other aspects of your life without worrying about that December morning. Everyone who is experienced with test results knows that the results are an indication of your behavior at a particular period of time when you were taking the tests. Your SAT scores have little relationship to your worth as a human being with great qualities that no three hour test can evaluate.

If you are confused about the meaning of the tests, see your counselor. He or she will try to shed some light on the problem for you. Although there are some dark areas in the pursuit of college admissions, the correct questions to the right people can help to see you through.

Letter to the Editor:

Clarion Leaves Much to be Desired

Treacy Colbert is a student at EBHS and is the Vice-President of the Senior class. Here is a letter we received from her.

the October 11 issue of the clarion left much to be desired, why do you waste the little space you have with such articles as "the slop from the swamp", "i beg your pardon" and "commies undermine american institutions"? are they supposed to be funny? this pseudo-humor is a dismal failure. that space could have been used for a

serious comment on a relevant topic with much more effect.

i also noted that although you do not print unsigned letters, your article attacking junior class council had no by-line.

for fred doll . . . surely you are not pompous enough to believe that everyone but you has been missing court and spark. may i remind you that there are many, many people in this school who have been into joni mitchell since she began her career.

treacy colbert

in this school can express himself, whether it be humorously, artistically, seriously, satirically, or any other way he sees fit. The articles you mentioned were expressions of students in this high school. Therefore the space was not wasted, but used properly. If you (or any student in this high school) have a "serious comment on a relevant topic" that you wish to make publicly known, please come to our next meeting or drop your submission in the Clarion mailbox. We cannot print articles of this type if no one takes the time to write them.

Laura Kirschenbaum
Editor-In-Chief

THE CLARION

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HOME COMING...

On Oct. 11, EBHS was transformed into a building abundant with green and white walls, inhabited by green and white people screaming "the Bears are No. One" and "Crush the Cougars". Obviously not your ordinary school day.

"Why?" you may well ask. The reason? The annual Homecoming; a football game, 3 floats, 3 queens, and a dance. As last year, Homecoming brought out school spirit and created an air of excitement. Contrary to last year, the Bears won the game.

The three Homecoming Queens were (from soph to senior) Sandy Thompson, Joanne Syrokawash, and Sue DeCarolis. The band honored Sue with their rendition of "If you knew Susie" during her impressive halftime performance as the 3 floats made their rounds.

The class floats, fashioned to the theme of "brand names" were all awarded a prize. The winning float was the senior float, as the class of '75 duplicated last year's victory. The senior class was awarded \$65. Following was the sophomore class and then the junior class, each awarded \$25 for their above average efforts.

The school spirit and enthusiasm throughout the Homecoming activities was tremendous.



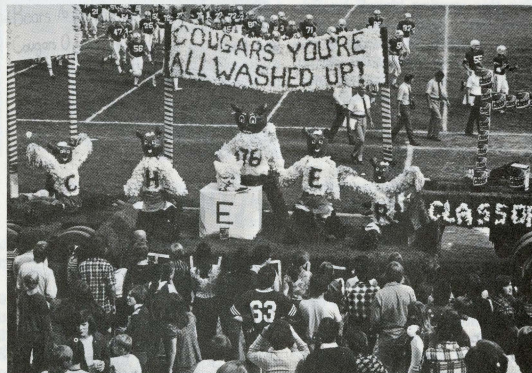
The winning senior float.



The Sophomore float.



East Brunswick High School marching band.



The Junior float.

Career Corner

Air Conditioning and Refrigeration Mechanics

by Debbie Stempel

Have you ever thought about becoming an air conditioning and refrigeration mechanic? Do you realize that this is one of the top growth industries in the United States with the number of job opportunities increasing from ten to fifteen percent each year? This is true, due partially to the fact that temperature and moisture control is required in 90 per cent of the process industries. Also, today more and more people have air conditioning units installed in their homes.

Hourly rates for this type of serviceman range from \$3.00 to over \$11.00, and the training does not include four years of college. Candidates for this particular line of work should be in good physical condition and should have some background in math and physics. Training can be received by attending a number of accredited technical institutions or through a formal apprenticeship program usually lasting up to five years.

While most of this work is done indoors or under shelter, servicemen are often required to work in cramped quarters, sometimes doing climbing and lifting. Also, the mechanics are obviously expected to work outdoors when working on rooftop heating-cooling units.

The general work week is five days long, eight hours per day, and it would be unlikely that air-conditioning and refrigerator mechanics would bring their work home with them.

Anyone who might be interested in this line of work should feel free to discuss it further with Mr. Sullivan of the Career Resource Center during a free period.

Math Minds Meet

by Debbie Stempel

The first Central Jersey Math Meet of the year was held at Perth Amboy High School on October 9. Each contestant was handed a test consisting of ten problems which were to be completed in one hour.

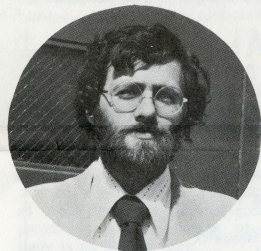
At the close of the hour the competitors returned their papers to their school advisors. The participants were then invited to enjoy refreshments while their tests were being marked.

The scores are derived in the following manner. Each team consists of five members. The tests are marked such that each correct answer merits 1 point with no partial credit awarded. The three highest point values from each school are added to obtain the team score.

Highland Park took first place with a team score of 18, the highest individual score being 7. In second place was Montgomery with 16 points, and Piscataway placed third with 15. East Brunswick was not far behind with 13 points.

TAKE PRIDE
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CLEAN



Spotlight On:

JOHN CANARY

by Sue Adelman

John Canary: a beard, a pair of wire-framed glasses, an attache case, a keen sense of humor, and a sharp personality. This member of our faculty made his teaching debut last February after student teaching with Mrs. Cheskin.

Presently, Mr. Canary is satisfied with his students and would like for them to get something out of his classes, mainly, "to learn to think critically and to develop the ability to communicate both knowledge and emotions." Besides being happy with his students, Mr. Canary also likes the high school and is presently the advisor of the Film Club. New to this position, Mr. Canary has already begun this fall's film series.

Mr. Canary attended St. Peter's College in Jersey City where he majored in English and minored in education. Prior to his college career, he spent four years traveling to such places as Turkey, Florida, and St. Louis where he worked on a shrimp boat.

Residing in Toms River with his wife and two children he enjoys fishing, golfing, creative writing, and photography.

This interesting young man is considered a friend by many students.



Senior Queen — Susan DeCarolis.



Junior Queen — Joanne Syrokawash



Sophomore Queen — Sandy Thompson.

Bears Victorious at Homecoming Game

by Arthur Geller

After a disappointing loss to J. F. Kennedy the previous week, the Bear's football team was pitted against a powerful Cedar Ridge team for the homecoming game. After the opening kickoff, it looked as though the Bears would be run off of the field.

With this opening kickoff by Ed Lauzon, Ron Engelbrecht of the Cougars strolled 88 yards to a touchdown. After forcing the Bears to punt on their first offensive series, Cedar Ridge moved well until the Bears held at their own thirty yard line. When the Bears took over, Bob Cole's pass was intercepted by the Cougars and returned to the EB eight yard line. On the next play, Engelbrecht scored his second touchdown of the day, giving C. R. a 13-0 lead.

E. B. came back on the next series however, with a 51 yard scoring pass from Bob Cole to Fran Alvarez, cutting the lead to seven points. Later in the second quarter, the Bears regained possession and began to move the ball at the

Hockey Team Wins 4 MC Tourney Games

by Rachel Hamilton

The girls' varsity hockey team has made a respectable start with 4 wins and 5 losses. Under the supervision of Coach Lieblein and Assistant Coach Petricek, the girls were victorious in all four Middlesex County Tournament games.

The star player this year is Lori Gagliardi, to whom is credited seven goals. She is followed by Pam Curtis, with four goals, Lynn Eaton and Joanne Givas with two, and Sue Emery and Jane Nourse with one goal each. The two new goal-

32 yard line. The Bears scored again on a four-yard run by Mark Lukenda, who also scored the two point conversion giving East Brunswick a 14-13 lead.

Cedar Ridge moved well on the next series and scored on a pass from Cougar quarterback, John Finn, to Steve Greer. The extra point was good. C. R. regained the lead with a score of 20-14.

On the opening series of the second half, the Bears consumed four minutes on a sixty-three yard drive in which the tying touchdown was scored by Greg Gordon. The winning extra point was made by Ed Lauzon. The final score was Bears 21 and Cougars 20.

X-Country Faces Up-hill Battle

by Jeff Gold

Our cross-country team will have an uphill battle if they hope to do well in the conference meet. Hopefully, by that time the squad will be strengthened by the return of Ken Greenley to top form. Unfortunately, the team will still lack Tim Reardon who will be out for the season. Coach Horvath is extremely pleased with the job done by Art Jensen and Mike Sneden. In every race they have taken the initiative to win for the

ies, Mary Healy and Tracy Smith, show much promise for the forthcoming games.

Explaining some of the losses are such factors as a large percentage of new players and several new and unfamiliar opposing teams.

The JV record is presently one win, one loss, and four ties, the star players being Trish Bornheimer with twelve goals and Peggy Cowherd with three goals.



Coach Weider Names Possible State Champs

The boys' gymnastics team, accustomed to almost complete success in the past "has not been doing well in their meets as a team" according to Mr. Weider, the boys gymnastics coach. "They'll have to correct a lot of mistakes, and work out some problems."

With the graduating of four of the leading gymnasts in the state, other returning starting gymnasts who had been basically unrecognized last year are now in the spotlight. They now are working hard to carry on the tradition of fine gymnastics at EBHS. The all-around competitors this year are juniors Roy Kieffer and Tom Tischhauser. Senior Bill Dobiznski works floor, long horse and rings while fellow senior Joe Janiczek works side horse and long horse. The third senior on the team, Ed Moke, usually competing on floor and rings, is injured. Juniors comprise the bulk of the squad. Larry Chatyn competes on side while Richard Olivero and Glenn Shampka work the parallel bars. Lone sophomore Mike Petrochko works high bar, long horse, and rings.

The team looks towards the state championships which EBHS has dominated for 7 years. Mr. Weider believes that Greg Tomori, the team captain is a possible state

champion on the rings, Joe Janiczek has a chance to be state champion on the side horse, and Bill Dobiznski and Roy Kieffer are both aiming for the long horse championship. The gymnasts have a long, hard pull ahead of them, but in the capable hands of Mr. Weider, almost anything is possible.

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Coach Eileen Wans Feels That Girl Gymnasts Are a Team of Much Depth

by Amy Krieger

East Brunswick's girls' gymnastics team came home victorious after their first meet where they faced Middleton taking all four events. This year's starting lineup is as follows:

Sophomore, Bernadete Cybulski—All around

Junior, Jamie Nesh—Beam and Floor exercises

Senior, Lisa Spencer—Vault, beam, and floor exercises

Laura Burmeister—All around

Leslie Sanders—Bars, floor exercises

Leslie Sanders and Laura Burmeister are the Co-Captains. Miss Eileen Wans, the girls' gymnastics coach said "I feel we have a team with much depth. By depth I mean five or six girls that com-

pete very well in each event. It's very difficult to select only four girls to compete in an event. I don't know which four out of six to be best, so I give the girls the chance to prove themselves. I am very pleased with the performance of the girls in meets. Our toughest meets will be against Sayreville and Stevens. Winning the conference will depend on those meets."



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